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A Legend.

BY WHITE MOUNTAIN LILLIE

Deep darkness reigned o'er Morville Tower,
The bell had tolled the midnight hour:
Round turret high, and courtyard lone,
The darkest mantle of night was thrown.

No star gleamed out from the pall-draped sky;
With a dirgelike wail the wind went by
'Twas a ghostly hour—a night of gloom
One well befitting the Red Earl's doom.

Within the grim old castle walls,
Where mortal footstep never falls,
And mortal lips may never dare
To wake the echoes that slumber there;

When the gloom of night has settled down
O'er the distant spires of Redcliffe town;
For then, as ancient legends say,
The Red Knight holds his revels gay.

A spectral light gleams from its halls,
And shadows flit o'er the time-stained walls;
Loud laughter rings on the midnight air,
And knights and dames hold converse there.

Then the traveller, lone, on Redcliffe Moor,
Hears the sound of mirth 'bove the tempest roar;
And lists, in the chains of terror bound,
To many a strange, uncanny sound.

And often on such nights as these,
A wild shriek blends with the passing breeze:
And I draw my chair with a shudder near
The fireside group, with a glance of fear;

And fancy I see, mid the darkness and gloom,
Grim spectres come from their silent tomb;
While Madge beguiles the evening hour,
With many a tale of the haunted tower;

How, in the days now passed and gone,
Earl Gilbert moved with the living throng;
He was a stern, dark knight, I'm told,
And won his bride for her father's gold.

Then bore her with many an angry frown,
From her pleasant home in the gay old town,
To die, like a blighted, fading flower,
Of grief and fear, in the grim old tower.

She had loved another, the legend said—
With his blood her stern lord's hand was red;
And never at wassail and hall, I ween,
By his side was the Lady Edith seen.

But when the spirit had fled from earth,
When the grim walls echoed the notes of mirth,
The spectral form of his phantom bride
Was ever seen by the Red Knight's side.

An when he died, 'twas his fearful doom
That he ne'er might sleep in the silent tomb;
But with the spirits dark, at the midnight hour,
Hold revels dread in the haunted tower.

SMILES AND LAUGHTER.—"A smile," says a lady writer, to be beautiful, should be natural and voluntary—not constrained and compulsory. Nor should a smile, especially a woman's become habitual; if it does, insipidity is the result. Nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. Says the same writer: There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm and bitterness; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts. Then there is a woman's sweet laugh, than which there is not a natural grace more bewitching. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill, and the heart that it reaches feels as if bathed in the cool exhilarating spring. It runs the prose of lips into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over this darksome world in which we are travelling, and it gilds with light and brightness all that it touches.

WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT.—It is recorded, that among the persons returned to the Parliament of 1361 (35 Edward III,) were "Marie, Countess de Norf; Alianor, Countess de Ormond; Phillippa, Countess de March; Agness, Countess de Pembrook; and Catherine, Countess de Atholl." In the preceding year also, there had been writs tested at Roynton, on the 5th of April, issued to divers earls, bishops, and to four abbesses, requiring their attendance at Westminster on the morrow of the Trinity, for the purpose of treating of an aid for the making of the king's eldest son a knight, etc. It does not appear, however, that any ladies ever actually took their seats in Parliament by virtue of these summonse; but there are numerous instances on record of both squires and knights having sat in the House of Lords in right of their wives.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A pettifogger got into a quarrrel, and was chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in other words he got into the hot water and was Boyled.

The Murderer and the Suicide.

We once lived in a certain street which lay parallel with the East River, below Corlær's Hook. There were several good tenements on our side of the street, but those opposite were small, and built of wood. All this is changed now; but, at that time, they were dingy tenements, inhabited by poor people—if we except one grocery, whose proprietor could probably boast of a few thousands, which he had won by supplying his humble neighbors with rancid butter and watered rum.

Near the grocery was an alley—narrow, dark, and dirty—where poverty could aspire to the last boon which wretched man claims of his fellow—that of being unobserved and unmolested. Even the pigs found in this alley a secure haven—a shelter from their canine persecutors, who never followed them into a region where neither bone nor offal, worth their acceptance, was ever cast out of doors,

A bill was posted on a low, wooden house, on the corner of this alley, which announced, in original orthography, and in characters legible only to those who could not write, that a room was to be let; adding, 'Encuir at the grosry necks dor.'

Long had that bill clung to the worm-eaten boards, and long had it contrived to adhere by one nail, washed by the rains and flattened by the winds, before a tenant turned up, sufficiently humble to accept the shelter which it offered him.

It was on a gloomy day in November, when one of the children announced that the bill which had been on the house opposite so long was removed. That, however, was no great news, as it had been threatening to take leave of the last tack which held it, for a long time.

A woman's head at the window soon convinced us that the bill had been removed in a legitimate way—that the room had been actually let. Nothing more would have been said or thought of the matter, had not the conduct of the new tenant differed widely from that of her neighbors. While the latter were noisy, and made frequent visits to the grocery—especially in the morning, early—the woman who had hired the corner room was scarcely ever visible. A little girl of ten years went once a day to the grocery, and purchased some trifles, but the woman was never seen outside of her door.

Three or four weeks passed in this way, and the neighbors began to talk of the singular habits of the woman on the corner of the alley.

Some said that she was unsociable, and they mistrusted her; others declared that she could be no great things, for her little daughter never bought anything at the grocery, beyond a six-penny loaf, or two cents' worth of molasses in a tea-cup.

As our house was exactly opposite to the alley, we got an occasional glimpse of the poor woman, as she came to the window, looked out upon the street with a frightened air, and immediately drew back.

I must confess that she excited my curiosity. It was so uuusual to see the tenant of such a house quiet, peacable, retiring and modest, that we could scarcely believe the evidence of our own senses.

'But,' said one of the family, 'why does she choose such a neighborhood? If she is not a sly sinner, why has she placed herself among open offenders—drunkards, thieves, and lewd persons?'

My mother was not satisfied, however, and she expressed a wish to know more about the poor woman. 'She has a singular wildness in her eyes,' said she, 'and appears to be ashamed of her present position, as if some great misfortune had caused it, and had, at the same time, unsettled her mind.'

Soon after this conversation, we saw a crowd about the door. Women and boys, of all colors, were gathered on the corner, and a baker, with sleeves rolled up and powdered whiskers, was passing in and out, and talking to the women, as if something of moment had occurred within. Then, a man in a dark dress peered through the crowd and entered the house.

'He says she is dead,' cried a black woman, coming out.

On hearing that remark, we inquired what was the matter, and were informed that the woman had taken laudanum and was dead.—The man in the dark dress was the doctor; he had pronounced it a case of suicide.

I was, at that time, nearly fourteen years of age, and, impelled by curiosity, I walked across the street and entered the house. The woman lay upon a pallet of straw on the floor, her face turned upward, pale and cold. Her countenance was pleasant, as if when drawing her last breath, the golden shore of eternity had been made apparent to her mind's eye, with sister angels lingering on the verge of the dark river and welcoming her approach. One hand lay upon her heart—one thin, white hand, of exquisite mould.

The little girl sat in an old flag chair, on the opposite side of the room. Her eyes were red, but she was not weeping at that moment. As I entered, I heard a black woman, who had been examining the cupboard, say:

'There is not a crumb of anything to eat in the house.'

I retired. I went back to our house, told my mother the condition of things in the chamber of death, and begged permission to bring over the little girl. My mother gave her consent.—I went back and found the little girl still sitting in the chair where I had left her.

I walked toward the orphan, who seemed to know my intention, for she immediately rose up and took hold of my hand. Silently I led her across the street, and we entered the house together.

'What is your name, little girl?' said my mother.

'Esther Hathaway,' was the reply.

'Do you belong in the city?' then asked my mother.

'No; my mother came down here to get work. She is asleep, now.'

'Why do you think she is asleep?'

'Because, she told me that she was going to sleep.'

'When?'

'Yesterday afternoon. She gave me a cup of milk and some bread, and then she said she would go to sleep, and when she woke up she would not be hungry any more.'

'Did your mother eat nothing, all day?'

'She took something in a phial, that she said would make her feel better.'

'Where is your father, Esther?'

'He's gone away, madam, and never will come back any more.'

Then turning to me, the little girl placed her hand in mine and said:

'Have you got a yard—there is none to our house.'

'Yes, we have a yard.'

'Come, let us go into it and play until my mother wakes up, then she will call me.'

'But are you not hungry?'

'Yes, but when mother wakes up, we shall have supper. She is going to sell her shoes to Mrs. B——, next door, for eight cents, and mother said she would have some tea, just as we used to have when we lived in Troy.'

We gave Esther some cake and cheese, which she wrapped in her apron, after tasting a small piece.

'Mother will be so glad,' said she, 'to have all this to eat with our tea.'

We told her to eat heartily, that she should have more when she went home, and she devoured her food with a keen appetite. We then went into the yard to play, and it was not until the sun went down that Esther expressed a wish to go home to her mother. The truth was then told her, and she shed many tears, especially when she retired at night.

My mother was surprised to find that Esther was as pure and cleanly as a new doll, and this strengthened our suspicion that the mother had seen better days.

About a week after the death of Esther's mother, a Quaker from Duchess County, who had a cider vault in Wall street, put up at our house. Esther came into the room soon after his arrival, and he instantly recognized her.—He spoke to the little girl and made inquiries about her mother.

We were, of course, very desirous to learn the history of the poor woman, and our visitor was able to give it to us in detail. He stated that Mrs. Hathaway was the daughter of a gentleman of Troy, lately deceased. He left her property to the value of some eight thousand dollars. Her husband contrived to turn it into money, pocketed the whole, and left his wife and daughter. When last heard from, Hathaway was among the Vermont horse-jockeys making a great display and trading largely in horses.

After the desertion of her husband, Mrs. Hathaway had remained awhile in Troy till necessity compelled her to work for a livelihood. Being an extremely sensitive woman, she had left her native city, and gone, no one knew where, to look for employment.

It was easy to fill up the sequel. She had come to New York with her girl, and when her little stock of money was exhausted, she had put a period to her own existence. As she was sincerely attached to her husband, no doubt grief for his loss had done its share toward producing mental aberration.

Esther was sent to school and grew up a very pretty and intelligent young woman. She was peculiarly attractive to our sex, for she was gentle, amiable, and of the most winning manners.

It was not long before an industrious young mechanic became seriously attached to the motherless girl and offered her his hand. As he was intelligent, well educated, and evidently disposed to do justice to all, Esther was not long in making up her mind. He was a native of Troy, where his mother lived, at the time of their marriage. She did not live long, however, after that event.

By his mother's death, young Everheart (for that was the name of Esther's husband), came into possession of a very pretty homestead, with a few thousand dollars. He removed to Troy immediately, and took possession of his small estate.

The happy couple had scarcely become comfortably settled in their new home, when a middle-aged man, dressed in a garb which had once been genteel, knocked at the door of the Everheart cottage. Its proprietor was absent, but Esther was at the door, and the stranger inquired if Mr. Everheart lived there. Esther replied with her usual politeness, and the gentleman then stood a moment gazing upon her features.

'Will you not walk in, sir?' said Esther; 'I expect Edward every moment.'

'Well—yes—yes—I think I will just walk in,' returned the stranger, wih cool assurance, and still staring at Esther.

'You seem to know me, sir,' said she, as she reached him a chair.

'Better than you do me, it seems,' cried he; 'and, indeed, they do say that it's a wise child who knows his own father.'

Esther was quick of apprehension. She leaped up at once, and grasped the hand of her interlocutor.

'Is it possible?' cried she. 'Oh! my father! my father! after your long absence, I am so glad to see you!'

'You *are!* You are really glad to see me?' asked he, looking at her with an air of scrutiny, which implied doubt. 'Well, if that's the case, I am all right; for, to tell you the truth, I have been rather unfortunate, and am in want of a harbor at present, like a ship that has been ill-used by the storm.'

Esther knew that when her father deserted her mother and herself, he had carried off all his wife's money; he had, doubtless, spent that, and much more, in riotous living, and was now in want of a comfortable home. But Esther neither thought nor cared anything for this; she had felt herself alone, and an orphan, ever since her mother died, and she now hailed the return of her only surviving parent with the most extravagant joy.

Although it was near dinner-time, Esther hastened to set before her father the best which the house afforded, while he occasionally observed:

'Ah! yes—that is right; dutiful daughter.—She knows her duty.' And then he praised the steak, the vegetables, and the currant wine, giving abundant evidence that, at least, he was perfectly sincere.

Everheart came in soon, and was introduced to the father of his wife. The same cordial reception was given which he had received from his daughter, and, indeed, he did not appear to need much encouragement, for he made himself very much at home. It was the opinion of one of the neighbors, who happened in, that the 'old gentleman' thought more of his good quarters than he did of those who bestowed them upon him.

Everheart and his wife were blind to the heartless selfishness of their guests, and spared no pains to please him. He never made any inquiries about his late wife—the mother of Esther—and whenever the daughter undertook to give some little account of her career after his desertion, he would interrupt her narrative by crying—

'Come, Everheart, let me beat you at cribbage;' or, in case of the husband's absence—

'I say, Esther, are there any partridge in your neighborhood? I think I'll try Everheart's gun.

Supposing that they were harboring their best friend on earth, the ingenuous couple emulated each other in contributing to Hathaway's comfort and amusement, while his eyes wandered about the premises, and glared redly and ominously upon every article of value in their habitation.

Matters had gone on in this way for several months, during which Hathaway had induced his young host to make him his heir.

'It is true,' he observed, 'that I shall probably die many years before you and your wife; but, in case you should die first, you have no near relative, and the property must go into the hands of people who are almost strangers to you, and who never recognized the relationship while you were a poor lad.'

Everheart thought it could do neither harm nor good to make his father-in-law heir to the estate, in case of his outliving himself and his wife, and readily gave his consent.

Soon after this arrangement was made, Esther began to decline. She grew thin and refused her food. The unhappy husband tried every remedy, but in vain; and in a few weeks the beautiful young woman breathed her last in the arms of her father, who had watched by her bedside for several days, and insisted upon giving her the medicines with his own hands.

Soon after the burial of poor Esther, it was given out that Everheart, perishing with a broken heart, would soon follow his wife to the grave. Hathaway had procured a suit of deep mourning, walked with his eyes cast down, visited the grave of his daughter frequently, and presented the very picture of hopeless grief.—Every one pitied the poor man. In a few weeks, Everheart died. It was then discovered that the deceased had made Hathaway his heir some time before his death. Suspicions began to arise. The bodies were exhumed and examined, and not a doubt remained that both Everheart and his wife had been poisoned.

Hathaway was arrested, and a chain of circumstantial evidence fastened the guilt securely upon him. Condemned to die as a murderer, he sat one day in his cell, when the door opened and a beautiful woman entered.

'Brother!' cried she, and they were instantly locked in each other's arms.

We may not describe all that passed between this unhappy pair. Suffice that the sister proposed to assume the dress of her brother and let him put on her's, and thus effect his escape. He embraced the proposal readily, and the daring attempt was attended with complete success.

The sister was, of course, discovered soon afterward. She was held in confinement a few days, and released. She went to her beautiful home on the banks of the Ohio river to find that her brother had reached there before her.

By keeping close, Hathaway escaped detection some weeks. His sister was a widow and possessed of some property. She was beloved by a gentleman in the vicinity and expected to marry him. Hathaway wanted his sister's property and was, therefore, unwilling that she should marry. All that he could say, however, was to no purpose. She could not think of being false to her promise even to please or gratify her brother. One day, after Hathaway had been very urgent with his sister on the subject, and she had persisted in her refusal to discard her admirer, he suddenly leaned toward the generous woman, seized her head between his hands, and bit off her nose!

'Now!' cried Hathaway, 'now let us see if your lover will insist on the fulfillment of your promise!'

Having uttered these words exultingly, Hathaway started up to fly, and seizing a gold watch which lay on the mantel, he made for the door. He had scarcely put his hand on the lock, when the handle turned and in came Mr. M——, the lover of his sister.

Seeing the blood spouting from the face of her he loved, Mr. M—— turned ashy pale, but he had overheard the words of Hathaway and instantly knocked him down. The servants came running into the room and aided Mr. M—— in securing the offender, who fought violently and even had the assurance to appeal to his sister for protection. She was, however, unconscious, and knew not that her brother was taken to prison. The murderer soon found himself in the same dungeon from which his sister had released him.

The day for execution approached, but Hathaway expected a commutation of his sentence, and refused to listen to Rev. Mr. Higginbottom, who was very assiduous in his attentions upon the prisoner.

At length when Hathaway was informed that all hope of a commutation or reprieve would be madness on his part, he consented to say that he hoped for mercy through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. Two hours afterwards he had perished on the gibbet.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—What with the people who get into the wrong places, come on at the wrong time, always speak the wrong words, and do the wrong things; with the people who don't know their parts, and who can't act them when they do; with the scenes that wont shove on, and that no human exertion can get off after they are on; with the curtain that wont come down until after the tableux are spoiled by the people running away, and the blue fire that refuses to light until the curtain is down, and then refuses to be put out at any price whatever; with the supernumeraries who die on the very plank selected by the hero for his own private expiring; with the prompter who gives everybody the wrong cues, and then rectifies his mistake by ordering the music to strike up or the curtain to come down in the middle of the refractory scene; with the band who play a dead march when the tarry sailor-man proposes to himself a hornpipe, and who strike up a particularly lively waltz when the consumptive heroine is doing her last agonies, with the funny men who are dismal, and the tragic men who are funny, with the awkward man who tangles his sword in his legs, who steps on the dignified lady's train, who smutches his india ink moustache all over his mouth, till he looks as if he had been kissing a negro wench whose complexion wasn't fast and wouldn't wash; with the houses that fall down when anybody goes into them; the bridges that fall down when anyboy goes over them; the trees that fall down when anybody leans against them, and the distant mountains that fall down without anybody doing anything at all to them; with the wigs that wont fit, the cloaks that wont stay on, the stocks that roll down, the plumes that get singed, the laces that get torn, and the coats that get chalked on the back; what with all these, and a hundred other indescribable happenings, an amateur theatrical performance is one of the funiest things the optics of mortal man ever beheld.—*Doesticks in the N. Y. Tribune.*

A JURY BURNED IN EFFIGY—In December, a man by the name of Jordon Keeling was acquitted of the murder of James Romine, at Springfield Ky.—a case depending upon circumstantial evidence. The proof strongly tended to show that Keeling had waylaid and shot Romine from a fallen tree top. The verdict of the jury was not received with any favor at the time it was returned to the public. A few nights afterwards the whole town was aroused by the ringing of the Court House bell. People rushed from their homes to the vicinity of the Court House, to find the whole jury, in effigy, suspended from a rope stretched across the street. Each juryman had his name appended upon a slip of paper, in large plain letters, which became perfectly distinct as the light from a burning tar barrel fell upon them, a considerable crowd was assembled around them, who then proceeded to touch them off with lighted faggots. The exhibition closed with a denunciatory speech by a highly respectable cititzen.—*Exchange paper.*

SOMETHING TO LOVE.—It is a necessity of our nature to love something. As some one has said, the human heart has of course its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment—that is, to love nothing; but to keep on, sullenly beating, beating, beating, until Death lays his cold finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant—a stone—it dandles a cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. We must love something.

The Reunion.

It was at the close of Autumn, and a stormy night had closed upon the village of B——. The dash of the waves breaking upon a lee-shore, mingled at intervals with the thunder, in a tone almost rivaling its own. The wind, loaded with rain, whistled among the cottages that lined the beach, and, sweeping on, sent a long and loud lament through the woods and ravines of the neighboring hills. It may be guessed, however, that the sounds of the night did not tend to diminish the comforts of the blazing fire of the village inn. The room was filled with the *elite* of village wit and humor; the hostess was for a time in her element, but as the night closed in, she seemed to tire a little in her exertions, though, to be sure, they were now greatly lessened—and, committing the charge of the tap to a strapping girl, she went over to an elderly-looking man, saying, as she neared him:

'Well, James, have you heard the news?'

'About the marriage?' responded the party questioned. 'Oh, yes! I was told of it to-day. It is to be on next Thursday, and a grand time they will have, no doubt.'

'But, tell me, James, do you think Mary is quite willing to marry this rich man?'

'Well, I think not; but I cannot say.'

'Ah, me! I never thought to see the day,' said the landlady, 'of her marrying any one so long as there were any hopes of Charley turning up. It is no use to make a mystery of it; you knew Charley Vernon?'

'John Vernon's son? To be sure I did.—Poor child! he was cast away, and drowned, on his voyage to England, about ten years ago.'

'I am not so sure of that,' said his questioner; 'for, although he was missed, there is nothing certain of his death; but, however——'

At this moment, a loud knock was heard at the door, which put a stop to the conversation; the bolts of the door were withdrawn, and the new guest was ushered into the room.

The stranger advanced toward the fire, and, as he did so, threw off his cloak. In so doing, he displayed to the light a figure not much above the medium size, but formed with perfect symmetry, and indicating that kind of physical power which dwells in the compactness of nerve and muscle. The landlady, in the meantime, after a little bustle, laid before him a savory supper; and, while he was engaged in doing good service, she returned to her friend to renew the gossip.

'Well, James, as I was saying, you see Charley and Mary were schoolmates together, and they were to have been married, had it not been for old John Vernon. He was proud—her parents were poor—and so he resolved to part them, and, to do so, he sent Charles to London.'

'Yes, that I know to be so.'

'Well, the night before he left, he came to me and asked if I would let him see Mary in my house for an hour. I did not like the idea; but, he was in such trouble, I could not refuse him. So Mary and him met in my parlor, and I saw her weeping on his breast, for I was present. And Charley looked so wild that my heart bled for him. They swore eternal fidelity, and he drew a picture of himself out of his pocket, and, as she received it, she declared it should never be taken from her. The next morning he was off.'

'But, oh! Mrs. Jones, how did she bear the news of his death?'

'Poor thing! there was a whole week when her life was despaired of. It was long, long, before she got better, and she is not the same girl yet; and, you can depend upon it, she is not marrying of our own good will.'

'I am not sure but what that may be true; but——'

Here the repeated calls of the stranger to be shown his apartment, interrupted them.

'Well, Mrs. Jones,' said he, 'what news have you in the village?'

'Nothing that would interest you,' replied Mrs. Jones; 'but the whole town is ringing with the news of Mary Ring's intended wedding.—But, bless me, how pale you look?'

'Leave me, I wish to be alone,' remarked the stranger.

After her departure, the stranger sat for some time on his chair as if struck by sudden paralysis, and then starting up, he traversed the room with rapid and agitated steps, his brow contracted, his lips compressed, almost bloodless, and his dark eye flashing with the excitement of passion. He walked to the window and looked out at the storm—it seemed as if the darkness were in sympathy with his own feelings. His lips quivered as if in the utterance of a mental soliloquy.

'It is all over, then,' he said, 'and my worst forebodings are realized. And yet it is indeed singular that in this very room we parted.—And yet I cannot blame Mary. It is my own fond belief in woman's love—my own folly in studying to excite effect, and I must now suffer the recoil of my own unfounded theories. And yet it is possible that she may not be changed. Oh! if I could but see her without being recognized.'

He left the window as he spoke, and advanced into the room.

On the table lay a printed handbill, announcing in large letters the sale of an estate in the vicinity, with a direction to call upon Samuel Ring, Esq. The name of the father of Mary arrested his attention, and he determined to call on the following day, ostensibly on business, but really to see the object of his love. The mere chances of recognition were small. His figure had assumed its full height and proportion.—'The assumption of my mother's name, too,' thought he; 'will she recognize Charles Vernon, in the sunburnt man who calls himself Charles Gordon?'

A day of much beauty succeeded the stormy evening we have described, and the slanting sunbeams of the early part of an Autumn afternoon fell into an apartment in a mansion in which three persons were assembled. The eldest was a man past the meridian of life, while at a table sat a lady engaged in writing, and the third was the person of Charles Vernon.

'Mr. Ring,' said the latter, 'I called upon you in regard to an estate which you have for sale.'

'Well, Mr. Gordon, as it is now dinner-time, suppose you take part, and afterward we can talk on business.'

The dinner passed, but during the whole time the eye of Charles was upon Mary. At one time he alluded to some lines of old, which had been great favorites of his. She started at the quotation, and gazed at him intently.

Glad of any excuse to be left alone, so as to have an interview with Mary, he pleaded a headache, to be shown to a private room to repose.

'Well, well,' said his host, 'go up-stairs to the parlor, and make yourself comfortable. It is the first door on your right hand, at the head of the stairs.'

The sound of a voice, every note of which brought a volume of recollections into his mind, was a better indication to him of the locality of the parlor than the direction just given him.—Mary was engaged in singing the very song he had quoted, and he stood still, as if afraid to break the charm. At last the music ceased, Charles entered the room. Mary was bending over a scrap of old paper, but at the sound of his entrance, she pushed it below the papers in the port-folio; not, however, before he had time to remark that it was the very copy of the verses he had written out and given to her years before. He crossed the room, and requested her to repeat the song.

'It is an old song—one that I am not in the practice of singing,' replied Mary, 'but to oblige you I will attempt it again.'

In proceeding with the music, one of those light tresses which Charles had so often admired, fell from its band of pearls, and floated over the brow and eye of the singer. She hastily raised her hand from the instrument to remove it, and in doing so, unconsciously entangled her fingers in a ribbon, from which something depended into her bosom. The action brought it completely to the light. The dazzled eye of Charles Vernon fell upon his own picture. In a moment the astonished girl was in the arms of her lover.

'Mary—my own—own Mary!'

'Mr. Gordon—this insult——'

'Call me not Gordon, dearest Mary—I am Vernon—your own Charles Vernon.'

The villagers were furnished with another subject of gossip, for in two weeks the long-divided lovers were married.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"CONSCIENCE CASE"—*Confession to an Assassination.*—A short time since a middle aged and apparently hard working man, who gave his name as Peter Martin, appeared at the Police office in St. Louis, and stated that he had committed a murder and wished to be taken into custody. The St Louis *Herald* says:

He states that he left Cincinnati to come to St. Louis. At Cairo he took passage on a New Orleans boat bound upwards, and in due time arrived in this city. The day before his arrival here, while on a drunk with another deck passenger, whose name he did not remember, he was robbed by him of all had. He endeavored, as he alleged, for twenty-four hours to induce the man to return him his money, but finding all efforts to accomplishing that end unsuccessful, he determined shortly after the arrival of the boat at the St. Louis wharf to revenge himself upon him. Borrowing a sheath knife from another passenger, he waited upon the starboard guard of the boat till his victim went to pass him, when he stabbed him to the heart. As he fell he pushed him overboard and instantly threw the knife after him, and left the boat. Since that time, he said, he had been wandering in various parts of Illinois, between Cairo and this city, unable to work, unable to sleep, haunted constantly by the image of the murdered man. Unable longer to endure it, he determined upon delivering himself up to justice, and accordingly presented himself at the police office, as above stated. He was at once taken to the calaboose.

☞ An Augusta (Me.) paper tells a story about a dance between a chap named Snellings and a Rackensack (Ark.) gal called "Big Sis." They danced 17 hours and 57 minetes, when "Big Sis" caved in and took a seat in the chimney corner, fanning herself with the bread tray.

☞ "I and Senator Webster put up at the same tavern," said a rough looking fellow. "It must have been a house of accomodation for man and beast," said a bystander.

☞ An incurable old batchelor, who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as a "Female despotism tempered by puddings."

☞ The president of a debating club out West lately decided that the "milk of human kindness" meant milk-punch with nutmeg in it.

☞ A wag says that pantaloons obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

The Firemans Journal.

AGENTS.

Sacramento	George J. Lytle.
Stockton	C. O. Barton
Marysville	Randall & Co.
Benicia	J. W. Sanborn
Placerville	Davis & Roy
Sonora	B. Mayer
Downieville	Isidor Gutte
Yreka	A. Roman
Nevada	W. R. McGrath
Santa Clara	T. F. Gran
San Jose	Elliot Reed
New York	J. F. Feeks

Unsafe Buildings.

St. Mary's Hospital, Stockton street, East side, between Broadway and Vallejo streets.

Jefferson Hotel, Commercial street, opposite Union Theatre.

Nos. 210 and 212 Kearny street, East side, between Jackson and Pacific.

Buildings rear of 298 Stockton street, East side, opposite Virginia Block.

Brick building on Ohio street, West side, between Broadway and Pacific.

California Hotel, corner Dupont and Commercial streets.

Brick building No 184 Washington street.

Subscriptions

To the Fire Department Cemetery Fund—up to the present date, at the office of H. A. Cobb, Chairman Cemetery Committee:

F. E. R. Whitney, Chief Engineer	$50 00
Marcus D. Boruck, ex-Sect'y F. D.	10 00
Jas. E. Nuttman, ex-Chief Engineer	20 00
T. J. L. Smiley, Pres't Brannan Ass'n	25 00
H. A. Cobb, Treasurer Fire Dep't.	20 00
E. P. Buckley, member of No. 11	5 00
R. H. Sinton, member of No. 6	10 00
Alta California Office	14 00
Herald Office	14 00
W. Oscar Smith, 1st Ass't Eng. F. D.	10 00
H. P. Janes,	10 00
John A. Harrison	5 00
C. M. Chase, member of No. 6	10 00
Fred'k Kohler, ex-Chief Engineer F. D.	10 00
D. H Hanrahan, Sec'y Manhattan 2	10 00
Wm. Hart, member Sansome H. & L. 3	10 00
G. H. Hossefross, foreman Monumental 6	25 00
Franklin L. Jones, ex-President F. D.	10 00
Sundry members Lafayette H. & L. 3	34 50
Benefit at the Minstrels	52 00
Benefit at the Circus	32 50
Benefit at the American Theatre, (about)	125 00
Isaiah W. Lees,	10 00
St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company	50 00
S. H. Litchienstien	100 00
Donation from Board of Delegates	200 00
G. & F. L. Castle,	100 00
De La Rue & Schnefeel,	100 00
New Orleans Warehouse	50 00
Bragg, Rollison & Co.,	35 00
Thos. J. Haynes & Co.,	35 00
T. H. Selby & Co.,	25 00
Jonea & Bendixen,	20 00
Washburn & Co.,	10 00
McRuer & Merrill,	10 00
Geo. H. Davis,	10 00
Conroy & O'Connor,	10 00
R. S. Eells & Co.,	10 00
J. P. Haven & W. B. Johnston	50 00
Faulkner, Bell & Co.	25 00
W. F. Walton & Co.	25 00
Morris Speyer	20 00
And others	52 00
Leonidas Haskell	93 00
L. W. Sheldon	100 00
A. B. Grogan	100 00
A. T. Lawton & Co.	50 00
Wm. Horr & Co.	100 00
Butcher's Association	140 00
Total	$2040 00

To Firemen Throughout California and Oregon.

Having been properly empowered by the manufacturers, we are now ready to negotiate with companies throughout California and Oregon, (about purchasing new apparatus,) for the sale of the celebrated Button Engines; whose power and capacity is so well known.

Terms made known at this office.

Sacramento Agency.

George J. Lytle is the duly authorized agent of the Fireman's Journal, in Sacramento. All orders for the paper left at his office, *only*, will be attended to promptly.

Notice.—Mr. S. Wineschank, is authorised to procure advertisements and subscriptions for this paper, from this date.

A Wife's Influence.—Judge O'Neil, in the Yorkville *Enquirer*, tells the followiug of Judge William Smith of South Carolina:

He had the blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best women whose character has ever been present to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days, she never upbraided him by word, look or gesture, but always met him as if he had been one of the best and kindest of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who knew the stern, unbending public character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told it:

"The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York district, a client called with fifty notes to be put in a suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree, then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—her husband in riotous living.

At daylight, on his way home from his carousals he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise, saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes, This bowed the strong man. He fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived. "This promise," says my friend, Col. Williams, "he faithfully kept," and said the Judge to him, "everything which I touched turned to gold." His entire success in life, he set down to his faithful observance of his noble promise.

Night Thoughts.—A cotemporary in an article on "Night," says:—"What thoughts will people the inmost recesses of the soul and 'give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name!' Nature is holding sweet communion with her own heart undisturbed by the innovation of art or the inroads of science; while memory, too, is weaving a gorgeous web of sad recollections of the past and gilding the golden splendor surpassed only by that which is found in a brighter world than this. She saunters along the flowery paths of childhood and culls from among the thorns, flowers of exquisite loveliness. Gems are picked up from among rude pebbles, pearls from the rough shells of surging, roaring ocean. Mysterious night, when the weary can repose their tired limbs and the sorrowful forget their sorrows; when the poor and the rich can lie down in the republic of dreams, and enjoy the democracy of forgetfulness—the only democracy, except that of the grave, the world ever saw.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Fire Engines,

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD INVITE attention to their establishment for the manufacture of Fire Engines, Hose, Hose Reels, and Fire Apparatus.

They have a large Factory, well stocked with tools arranged expressly for the business, and being practical mechanics with more than twenty years experience in Engine building, thereby obtaining a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of the business, they feel confident of their ability to furnish a *better* article than can be found elsewhere. They warrant all their work to give general satisfaction to the purchasers on delivery and trial, or no sale, and also to remain in good order for one year without expense to the purchaser, if well used. The workmanship, models and proportions, durability and power of their machines stand unrivalled. In proof of this they beg leave to submit the following well authenticated facts, which are selected from a large number of similar performances:

In 1850, at Troy, the Good Intent Engine No. 13 of Troy, beat 9 Engines on quantity, receiving a Silver Trumpet awarded by the Rensselaer County Agricultural Society to the *best engine*.

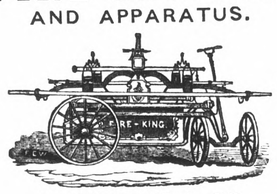
In 1854, at Hartford, Conn. the Pacific of Chicopee, played 174 feet high through 400 feet of hose, and the Holyoke, of Holyoke 172 feet high, reciving the first and second prizes and beating 22 engines. In 1855, at Springfield Mass. the Bay State, of Westfield, was awarded the first prize of $300, for beating upwards of 30 engines in playing through 400 feet of hose. In the same year at Waterloo, N. Y., the Franklin of Geneva, took the first prize on quantity, and the Niagara of Chicago, took the the first do. on distance. In 1856, at New Haven, Conn., the Rippowam of Stamford was awarded the first prize of five hundred dollars for beating 25 engines in playing through 450 feet of hose. In 1857 at Hartford, Conn., the Pacific, of Chicopee, took the first prize, the Mayflower of North Bridgewater, the second, the Collinsville of Collinsville, the fifth, the Holyoke of Holyeke, the seventh, and the Cataract, of Poughkeepsie, the oighth prize, where 39 Engines were tested, and only nine of them built by L. Button & Co. At Elmira, Sept. 1st, the Franklin, of Geneva, beat all competitors, playing an inch 1994 feet, through 400 feet of hose for which according to the advertised terms of the trial, it was entitled to a prize of five hundred dollars. At Rockford, Illinois, October 30, the Winnebago played an inch stream 221 feet before a committee of the Rockford County Agricultural Society. In Chicago, the Niagara has played 1325 gallons of water through 400 feet of hose in four minutes, and the Eagle No. 7 has played 208 feet from the end of an inch pipe through 500 feet of hose. Neither of these feats have ever been equalled, so far as we know; the Franklin, of Geneva having come the nearest to it, by playing 1256 gallons through 400 feet of hose in four minutes, and 205 feet through 500 feet of hose with an inch pipe.

All the victorious Engines named above were built by L. BUTTON & CO.

We might go on almost indefinitely, with this list, but we think enough has been said to prove that we claim nothing that has not been fairly awarded to us.

BUTTON & BLAKE, Successors of L. Button & Co.,
fe27-6m Waterford, Sar. Co., N. Y.

FIRE ENGINES AND APPARATUS.



HUNNEMAN & CO.,

OFFICE 59 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASS.

California Steam Navigation Co.

Departure from Jackson Street Wharf,

CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAILS.

1858

STEAMER NEW WORLD. Capt Sam'l Seymour
STEAMER ANTELOPE. Captain E A Poole.
STEAMER HELEN HENSLEY.
Capt E Z. Clarke
STEAMER J BRAGDON, Captain E. Conklin
STEAMER URILDA. Capt Chas Thorn.
STEAMER CORNELIA. Captain E. Conklin.

One of the above Steamers will leave Jackson Street Wharf every day at 4 o'clock P M. (Sundays excepted,) for

Sacramento and Stockton,

Connecting with light draft Steamers for

Marysville, Colusa and Red Bluffs,

For further particulars enquire at the office of the company corner Jackson and Front streets.

SAML. J. HENSLEY, President.

NOTICE.

To Railroad Companies, Mining Companies, Ferrymen, Etc.

I TAKE THIS METHOD OF INFORMING all who want Bridges, Flumes, Aequeducts, Dams, Reservoirs, or any kind of Framing, that I am prepared to take contracts, of any size, in any part of the State on the most reasonable terms. My plan of Bridging is better adapted to the streams of California, than any other now in use, as it can be built in long spans, thereby avoiding the great difficulty of rapid currents and drifts.

As for reference, I have only to refer to the Sacramento Bridge, ; Wood's Bridge, at Wood's Ferry, on the Mokelumne river; and Loving's Bridge, on the Stanislaus river; all of which are my work.

Persons wishing work of the above kind done, will find it greatly to their advantage to give me a call before contracting elsewhere; as I can do such work cheaper than any other contractor in the State. I will also furnish Plans, Specifications and do the Engineering for such work, on the most reasonable terms; and will superintend the same if required.

N. B.—Caution all Persons not to use my Plans, as I will prosecute any who may use the same without my permission.

ADDRESS—through Wells, Fargo & Co., or the Post Office.
H. R. LEONARD,
no13-tf San Francisco.

THE DOUGLASS SALOON,

Columbia.

J. B. DOUGLASS - - - - - - Proprietor.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTfully call the attention of his friends, and the public generally, to the fact that he has just opened this

NEW AND ELEGANT SALOON,

and that he has fitted it up in the most comfortable manner.

THE TIMES DEMAND that only

THE BEST QUALITY OF REFRESHMENTS

should be offered, and the Proprietor is fully prepared to satisfy the wants of the public in that respect. The Douglass Saloon is the stopping place for all stages.

J. B. DOUGLASS, Proprietor.

☞ Stages for all parts of the State depart from Douglass Saloon, Columbia.
se4-tf J. McDONALD, Agent.

PAPER AND PRINTER'S

WAREHOUSE,

132 Sansome street, San Francisco.

GEO. A. VAN BOKKELEN,

IMPORTER OF

BLANK BOOKS, STATIONARY, CARDS, PRINTING, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS,

Type, Presses, Printers' Material,

AND INKS OF ALL KINDS.

AGENCY OF R. HOE & CO.

Type at New York Book Prices.

se18-3mis

DAN'S OYSTER SALOON.

East side of Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial streets, San Francisco.

DANIEL DRISCOLL,
Proprietor.

THE UNDERSIGNED PROPRIETOR OF the above well known Saloon, formerly the "BLUE WING," begs leave to return thanks for the very generous support he has at all times received, and trusts by unremitting attention to every department of his business, he may continue to merit a share of public patronage.

OYSTERS—Raw, Roast, Fried, Pickled Stewed, etc., are selected expressly to order, as is everything in the eatable line, from the choice of the Market, and served up to suit the palate of the Epicure.

The BAR will be found at all times supplied with the most choice brands of Wines. Ales and Liquors, administered in the most approved and polite manner.

DANIEL DRISCOLL,
jy24-6m Proprietor.

J. W. BRITTAN,

Importer and Dealer in

STOVES,

METALS, HARDWARE, ETC.,

58 and 60 Sacramento Street,

(Near Front,)

SAN FRANCISCO

J. Y. HALLOCK & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints and Window Glass,

69 Sansome street near Sacramento. ja1-

MISCELLANEOUS.

FISH'S INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE!

FOR

Restoring Grey Hair

TO THE

ORIGINAL COLOR.

IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLing off. It removes all dandruff and scurf from the head. It allays all irritation of the scalp: it cools and refreshes the head, and imparts to the hair a healthy, lively appearance, and is highly recommended in case of baldness.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In offering this article of FISH'S INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE to the public, the proprietor felt great diffidence, in consequence of the imposition to which the people had been exposed by the charlatans and quacks, whose highest ambition was to rob mankind of their money and instead of ameliorating their condition, to add another link to the great chain of human misfortunes. If, by the aid of science, we shall have been instrumental in giving to mankind a means of *restoring* and *beautifying* the human hair, we shall not have labored in vain.

It is well known that hundreds of preparations have been introduced pretending to preserve the Hair, and for restoring it again upon heads that are bald, it is needless to say, they have invariably failed to produce the desired effect—having been composed principally of oils, and other deleterious substances which *gum up the scalp of the head* and thereby *destroy* the *life* and *roots* of the *hair*.

We desire it distinctly understood that no ingredients of this kind enter into the composition of this article. The materials used are of the most valuable kind and compounded strictly on scientific principles.

The constituents of hair of various colors present some difference; for example red hair contains a reddish colored oil, a large proportion of sulphur and a small quantity of iron. fair hair a white oil, with phosphate of magnesia. This article restores the oily substance at the roots which when lost causes the hair to blanch or turn grey.

This preparation is unlike others—it is no Hair Dye. It acts directly on the roots of the hair, removing effectually, all foriegn accumulations which *produce the very disease that causes the Hair to turn grey, or fall from the head.*

The proprietor, feeling convinced that *nature* had somewhere prepared an antidote for every calamity, has after much research and experience, produced an invaluable remedy.

Try it, and if are not satisfied that your money has been well expended, *it shall be returned.*

Principal office for wholesale and retail. No. 139 Sacramento street, San Francisco, a few doors above Montgomery street. For sale at all the principal Drug stores throughout the State. Orders promptly attended to.

N. MILLS, Agent.

N. B.—For references see circulars or call at the office.
se11-tf

WINES AND LIQUORS,

FOR THE

FALL TRADE!

S. H. MEEKER & CO.

59 FRONT STREET,

REQUEST THE ATTENTION OF CITY AND Country Buyers to their very large stock of Foreign and Domestic

Wines and Liquors,

Now on hand, all of which have been bought at lowest prices, and will be sold on the most favorable terms.

Our assortment of *FINE BRANDIES* is unequalled, embracing all of the best and most favorite brands, some of which are *Twenty years old.*

HINES of every variety, including very old Pale and Golden Sherry, in glass and wood; Old London Dock; Crown and Burgundy Port; *HOCK, CLARET* and *SAUTERNE*, etc.; *CABINET*, Heidsick & Co., and Charles Heidsick Champagne.

LONGWORTH'S SPARKLING and Dry Wines—vintages 1853 and 1854—very rich and fruity.

IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY.

PINE APPLE, STRAWBERRY, SWAN, and *IMPERIAL EAGLE GIN.*

Jamaica and Santa Cruz Rum.

ALSO

2000 *PACKAGES AMERICAN BRANDY, WHISKEY* and *GIN*, of our own importation;

Very old *BOURBON WHISKEY,*
Old *TENNESSEE RYE* do do
Old *PEACH BRANDY* do do
Old *YOMING* do
Old *N. J. CIDER BRANDY;*
Old *VIRGINIA PEACH BRANDY;*

And every other article in the Liquor Line.

se18-3mo S. H. MEEKER & CO.

NOTICE!!

SELLING OFF AT COST.

I WILL COMMENCE ON MONDAY NEXT, THE 15th instant, to sell off my entire stock of

CLOTHING,

.....AND.....

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

AT COST,

In order to make room for new goods to arrive about the 1st of January next. The whole will be sold without reserve, and FOR CASH ONLY!!!

I. BLUM, No. 130 Montgomery street,
no20-tf next door to Wells, Fargo & Co.

ANTELOPE.

Lager Beer and Billiard Saloon.

One door west of entrance to What Cheer House.

SACRAMENTO STREET,

Charles Brooks - - - - - - - Proprietor.

[Late of the "Antelope Restaurant," of Sacramento City.]

This Saloon has lately been fitted up in elegant style, with fine

SLATE BED BILLIARD TABLES.

The Bar is well stocked with the best brands of LIQUORS, WINES, CIGARS, ALE, PORTER, etc.

LAGER BEER of Fine Flavor for Sale on Draught.

Mr. Brook's old friends in Sacramento, and vicinity, on visiting this City, are repectfully invited to give him a Call.

Oc30 1y

J. WILSON & SON,

Agents for the sale of

SADDLERY AND HARNESS

CALIFORNIA SADDLES,
LADIES' ENGLISH AND RACING SADDLES,
CALIFORNIA BITS AND SPURS,
BELTS AND HOLSTERS,
LEGGINS, ETC.
TEAM, STAGE, AND BUGGY HARNESS.
COACH AND TROTTING HARNESS,
BRUSHES, COMBS, AND CARDS,
ALL KINDS OF WHIPS,
OX LASHES, ETC, ETC.

FIRE CAPS,

Constantly on hand of the most approved make and finish, else made to order, at the shortest notice. Particular attention is given to this branch of the business, and invidual firemen or companies may depend upon having orders filled to their satisfaction.

☞ Remember the location.—Nos. 72 and 74 Davis street, between Clay and Washington streets, San Francisco.

au7-tf

ALBERT FOLSOM,

BLACKSMITH AND CARRIAGE

Manufacturer.

CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND SPRING STS.

Between Montgomery and Kearny,

San Francisco, California.

At the above establishment every description of Blacksmithing and Carriage work will be made to order and all Repairing done in the best manner and with despatch and at prices to suit the times.

FIRE ENGINES AND HOSE CARRIAGES

Repaired and put in the best working order, and where required, painted, ornamented and gilded in the neatest and most approved style.

In soliciting the patronage of the public, the proprietor begs leave to pledge himself to give entire satisfaction to all those who may be pleased to call upon him.

☞ None but the very best workmen employed in the above establishment.

P. S.—All orders promptly attended to when addressed as above,

au28-tf ALBERT FOLSOM.

WORTHINGTON & HAYES,

DEALERS IN

PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, &C..

No. 87 Montgomery street, near California

House and Sign PAINTING.

Gilding and Glazing.

All orders attended to with dispatch. au28-tf

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING, ETC.

Cor. Sansome and Sacramento streets,

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUINCY HALL,

A TRUE LIST

OF

OUR PRICES,

On Goods and Garments most in demand:

Coats.

Fine Black Frock	$10 00
Good Business	8 00
Heavy Sack and Frock Pilot	8 00
Heavy Pilot Jackets	5 50
Frazer River Overcoats	6 00

Pants.

Fine Black Doeskin	5 00
Second quality do	4 00
Best Cassimere	5 00
Second quality Cassimere	3 50
Nice Satinet	2 50
Second quality Satinet	1 75

Vests.

Silk Velvet	6 50
Plain, Figured and Fancy Silk (best)	5 50
Do do do do (2d qual.)	3 00
Do do do do (3d do)	2 00
Black Cloth (best	3 50
Nice Business Vests	2 50

FURNISHING GOODS.

White Shirts, Davis & Jones' celebrated make	2 00
Second quality White Shirts	1 25
Marseilles Shirts (best)	2 00
do do (2d quality)	1 00
Super Undershirts (all wool)	1 50
Super Merino Undershirts	1 00
Grey Merino Undershirts (best)	1 00
Grey Merino Undershirts (2d quality)	0 75
White Merino Drawers (best	1 00
Do do do (2d quality)	0 75
Excellent Wool Socks, country knit, per pair	0 25

DAVIS & BOWERS,

QUINCY HALL,
jy24-tf 149 and 151 Washington street

SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM,

NO. 112 WASHINGTON ST.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Have on hand and are constantly receving direct from Europe and New York the best quality of

DOUBLE AND SINGLE BARREL GUNS, WESSONS, SHARPS, AND MINNIE RIFLES. COLTS' AND MARRIETTE REVOLVERS. DERRINGER, AND BACONS PISTOLS, ELEYS, COXS, STARKEYS, WALKERS AND G. D. PERC'N. CAPS. ELEYS AND BALDWINS GUN WADDING. POWDER AND SHOT.

ALSO

GUN TRIMMINGS AND MATERIALS,

a great variety. Together with a complete assortment of Fishing Rods, Trout Baskets, Reels, Lines, Hooks Sinkers Floats Trout and Salmon Flies Cutlery Chamois Skins Portemonnaies and Sporting articles of every description.

For sale low to the trade only at retail

O. H BOGART
112 Washington street.

N B.—Rifles and Guns of every description repaired and warranted. au9

HENRY A RIGG.....G. S. NORRIS

MAGNOLIA!

Under the superintendence of

Edwin A. Rigg,

NEXT DOOR TO

U. S. MINT COMMERCIAL STREET.

ALWAYS ON HAND,

FINE WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKEY, AND A

GENERAL ASORTMENT OF LIQUORS

☞ Attached to this popular establishment there is a complete **Reading Room**, where can be found papers from all parts of the world.

Oysters! Oysters!

THE OYSTER DEPARTMENT is under the charge of Mr. THEODORE LANE, and will be furnished in every style.

Pickled Tongues, Oysters, | Clams, Muscles, Pigs' Feet,

and everything connected with constantly on hand | well kept Establishment,

Oysters furnished to notice. | or Parties on short se25-3m

P. HUNT & CO.'S LINE

—OF—

PIONEER OMNIBUSSES,

(SUCCESSORS TO M. J. DOOLY & CO.)

SOUTH PARK AND NORTH BEACH.

SOUTH PARK—LEAVES EVERY FIVE minutes from 8 A. M. to twenty minutes past 9 P. M.

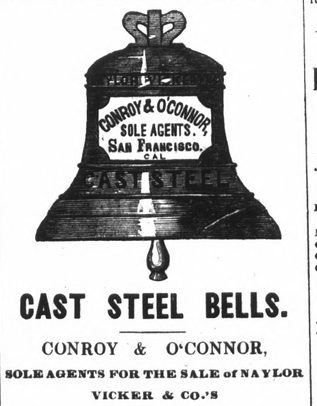
NORTH BEACH—Leaves every five minutes, from twenty minutes of 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

MISSION ROADS—Leaves the Plaza every thirty minutes, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M.

PRESIDIO AND FORT POINT—Leaves the Plaza at 8, 9, 10:40, 11:40 1:20, 2:20, 4, 5, 6:30, last stage only to Presidio House. Leaves Fort Point, 9:20, 10:20, 12, 1, 2:40, 3:40 5:30 6:30. From Presidio House only, 7:30 P. M.

N. B.—All bills against the above Company must be presented for payment at the Stable office on Third street every morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock.

de16-tf P. HUNT & CO.



CAST STEEL BELLS.

CONROY & O'CONNOR,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SALE of NAYLOR VICKER & CO.'S

CAST STEEL BELLS.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, EX SHIP "RAPID," a few of this new and superior article.

These Bells excel those made from Composition or Bronze in strength, quality and volumn of tone, as well as being VERY MUCH MORE ECONOMICAL in cost.

Orders received for importation for Bells to weigh from 35 to 6,000 pounds. The public are invited to examine samples in store at the Iron Warehouse, Nos. 25, 27 and 29 Front street. se4tf

COCHITUATE BATHS.

THE PROPRIETORS WOULD ANnounce to their patrons and the public, that they have introduced the

Bensley Water

into their Bathing Establishment—the only place where Ladies and Gentlemen can enjoy this Luxury—

PURE SOFT WATER.

HENDERSON & BROWN, Proprietors,
n27-3m No, 57 Sansome street, bet. California and Pine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Northern Assurance Company

1, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

FOR FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Established in 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

Capital, £1,259,670, or $6,000,000

Annual Revenue Upwards Of £180,000

Directors.

The Right Hon. Lord Ernest Bruce, Chairman.
Geo. C. Anderson, Esq. | Thos. Newman Farquhar, Esq
Duncan James Kay Esq. | Sir Charles. R. M'Grigor, Bart
William Miller, Esqr. | William Westgarth, Esq.

Medical Officer.

DR. JEAFFRESON.

Bankers.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON.

Solicitors.

MESSRS. JOHNSTON, FARQUHAR & LEECH.

Secretary. A. P. FLETCHER. | Vice Secretary. EDWARD FUCHS.

THE 23d ANNUAL MEETING OF THIS Company was held on the 11th instant, when the following results of the business for the year ending 31st of January last were submitted to the Proprietors and Policy holders.

Fire Department.

Premiums for the year	£101,230 13 6
Which, after payment of all losses and expenses, and provision for all outstanding claims, left to the credit of Profit	£10,737 11 6

Life Department.

Premiums of 422 new Policies issued during the year	£9,928 8 0
Renewal Premiums and Interest	£66,691 19 9
Total Revenue for the year	£75,920 7 9
Claims during the year	£23,484, 12 2
Number of Policies current, 4311—for capital sums amounting to	£1,977,722 11 2

Financial Position.

Amount of Accumulated funds	£386,062 3 5
Revenue from all sources	£184,164 6 10

The Dividend declared was at the former rate of 7½ per cent. free of Income Tax.

Progress of the Company During the Past Five Years.

	Fire Department. £ s. d.	Life Department. £ s. d.
Revenue from May 1, 1853 to April 30, 1854	29,924 4 7	42,358 12 4
Revenue from May 1, 1854 to Jan. 31, 1855, 9 mos.	37,303 0 0	33,374 2 11
Revenue from Feb. 1, 1855 to Jan. 31, 1856	77,850 19 9	62,184 7 11
Revenue from Feb. 1, 1856 to Jan. 31, 1857	91,306 3 6	67,962 18 3
Revenue from Feb. 1, 1857 to Jan. 31, 1858	101,230 13 6	75,920 7 9

June 16, 1858.

SMITH BROTHERS & CO.,
AGENTS.
au21-1y Corner of California and Battery streets.

REDUCED RATES

—OF—

FIRE INSURANCE.

Home Insurance Co.,	New York	Capital	$500,000
Niagara	"	"	200,000
Washington	"	"	200,000
Park	"	"	200,000
Lorillard	"	"	500,000
N. American	"	"	250,000
			$1,550,000
The aggregate surplus of these Companies over			700,000
			$2,250,000

All paid in CASH, and securely invested.

The subscriber is fully authorized by the above named companies to issue policies and settle losses HERE with the same promptness and liberality as in New York.

JONATHAN HUNT, Agent.
No. 153 Montgomery street,
jy17-6m San Francisco, Feb. 20, 1858.

UNITY FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.

INCORPORATED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital - - $10,000,000.

Head Offices: Unity Buildings, 8 & 10 *Canon St.*

THOMAS GRAY, Esq, Manager.

The Policies of this Company are not only guaranteed by a LARGE CAPITAL, but by the responsibility of SIX THOUSAND SHAREHOLDERS; being the largest "Proprietary of any Insurance Company in the World," affording the public the most complete security for the faithful discharge of every obligation.

BUILDINGS AND MERCHANDISE INSURED ON LIBERAL TERMS.

The undersigned, Agents for California, are authorized to make immediate settlement for any loss or damage by fire.

DICKSON, DeWOLF & CO.,
jy10-tf Merchant Street, San Francisco.

HAMBURG, BREMEN, FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY:

CAPITAL, - - - $1,000,000.

Insurance taken at the Lowest Rates!

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING BEEN appointed Agent for California, is now prepared to effect Insurance against loss by Fire, upon STORES, DWELLINGS, MERCHANDISE and FURNITURE, on favorable terms. All losses by fire sustained by the insured will be immediately settled for.

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent,
138 Washington Street,
july 17-tf Between Sansome and Montgomery.

Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1803.

Cash Capital ($8,000,000) Eight Millions.

Having been appointed Agents in California for the above old established Company, the undersigned are desirous of drawing public attention to the superior advantages afforded by insuring in this office. These arise from the fact that the Agents of this Company are vested with full powers to grant policies, and to settle losses at once, and without being obliged to forward the papers to England for approval.

The Imperial Fire Insurance Company having for many years had Agencies established in India, China, Manilla, etc., have had great experience in foreign business, and the instructions received from the Head Office evince a spirit of liberality which will be appreciated by the inhabitan of San Francisco

The undersigned will be happy to supply insurers with full particulars, upon application at their office.

FAULKNER, BELL & CO.,
a14 128 California street

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE AGENCY,

No. 106 Montgomery street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. P. HAVEN & W. B. JOHNSTON,

AGENTS FOR THE

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE INSURANCE CO...
Capital 10,000,000
MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
ORIENT MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
COMMERCIAL MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE CO.

J. P. HAVEN,

Proctor and Advocate in Admiralty,

ADJUSTER OF AVERAGES.

no6-3m

GEO. C. JOHNSON. GEO. W. GIBBS.

GEO. C. JOHNSON & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

....OF....

Amer. and Eng. Bar Iron;	Galvanized Sheet Iron;
Norway and Sweede Bar Iron;	Boiler Tubes;
Norway Shoe Shapes;	Wright's Anvils;
Penn. and Eng. Boiler Iron	Mouse-hole Anvils;
Low Moor Boiler Iron;	Wright's Vices;
American and English Sheet Iron;	Iron Axles;
Griffin Horse Nails;	Wright's Springs;
Smith's Bellows;	Band Iron;
Patch Bolts;	Tin Benders;
Nuts and Washers;	Carriage Bolts;
Boiler Rivets;	Borax;
	Shutter Rivets, etc., etc., etc.,

SANDERSON'S & NAYLOR'S CAST STEEL.

Hubs, Spokes, Sawed Felloes, &c.

ALSO

CUMBERLAND COAL IN CASKS.

Now landing and for sale by

GEO. C. JOHNSON & CO.,
au28-6m 36 and 38 Battery street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC Telegraph Co.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ACT OF THE Legislature of the State of California, approved March 18th, 1858, and under the Constitution and the general laws of the State of California, "The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Company" have completed their organization.

The Company propose to construct and put in operation a line of Electro-Magnetic Telegraph between the cities of San Francisco and Los Angelos, via San Jose, Santa Cruz, Monterey and other intermediate points, intersecting at Los Angelos the Overland Mail Route from Memphis to San Francisco.

They also propose to extend and complete immediately a continuous line of Telegraph from Los Angelos to to San Antonio, in Texas, and connecting with the various lines of Telegraph of the Eastern States, and also to construct side lines, which will furnish facilities for communication with the Principal Cities and Ports of Mexico.

The route proposed by this Company is deemed more practicable than any other route accross the plains.

The distance is several hundred miles shorter.

The whole line being in a southern latitude, will be entirely free from the injurious effects of frost.

The frequency of Mail Stations and the constant travel at all seasons of the year, will protect the line from interruption, and enable the Company to keep it always in repair.

The friendly disposition of the Southern Indians, as compared with that of the hostile tribes of the North, is another strong inducement for adopting this route.

The books for subscription to the Stock are now open at the BANKING HOUSE OF DAVIDSON, in SAN FRANCISCO; where the Articles of Association of the Company may be seen, and any information on the subject obtained.

SOL. A. SHARP,
JAMES S. GRAHAM,
LEONIDAS HASKELL, } Corporators.
ROBERT H. BACON,

San Francisco, Sept. 15, 1858. no13-tf

NEW DRY GOODS!

RECEIVED AT

S. ROSENTHAL'S

Corner of Kearny and Commercial streets.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

RICH DRESS SILKS,
VELVETS AND VELVET MANTILLAS,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH MERINOS,
PLAIN AND FIGURED DE LAINES,
ALL-WOOL PLAIDS,
EXTRA FINE FLANNELS,
GINGHAMS,
CALICOES,
WHITE LINENS,

DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS,
LINEN TOWELS,
LINEN SHEETING AND SHIRTING.

AND

450 DOZEN EXTRA KID GLOVES,

de18-1m 75 cents per pair.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING ON HAND A LARGE LOT of

FORFEITED PLEDGES,

....SUCH AS....

DIAMOND RINGS AND PINS,
DUPLEX, CHRONOMETER and MAYER
GOLD HUNTING WATCHES,
GOLD LOCKETS and CHAINS,
AND A VARIETY OF OTHER JEWELS,

Invites the citizens of San Francisco to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere as they will save fifty per cent.

....ALSO....

On hand, a lot of FINE FASHIONABLE CLOTHING, nearly new.

$40,000 TO LOAN on small interest,

SOL. H. LICHTENSTEIN,
Pawnbroker's Office, 175 Commercial, near Dupont.
de18-tf

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

HOOPED SKIRTS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,
UNDER LINEN,

And every other article for Ladies' and Children's use,

MRS. D. NORCROSS,
144 Sacramento street,
above Montgomery.

MASONIC,

ODD FELLOWS, and other REGALIA.

MILITARY GOODS,
Of every description.

FLAGS, BANNERS, &C,
Made to order at low prices.

D. NORCROSS,
144 Sacramento street,
de1-tf above Montgomery.

TEAS! TEAS!!

Please bear in mind, that the

EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY

are dealers exclusively in and have the most extensive assortment of

TEAS,
COFFEES,
SUGAR,
and
CHOCOLATE.

SUGARS OF ALL KINDS,

Retailing at Wholesale Prices.

TWENTY FIVE CENTS ONLY, for pure Ground Coffee, fresh roasted daily.

A very choice OULONG TEA only 75 cents per pound.

173 Washington street,
nearly opposite to Maguire's Opera House,
no27-tf San Francisco.

JOHN LOAG'S

LIVERY STABLE AND HORSE MARKET.

The best of Horses and Mules kept constantly on hand for Hire and Sale.

The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that his arrangements are now completed for keeping always on hand for service a good supply of Carriages, Buggies, excellent Saddle Horses, and Mules, which he is prepared